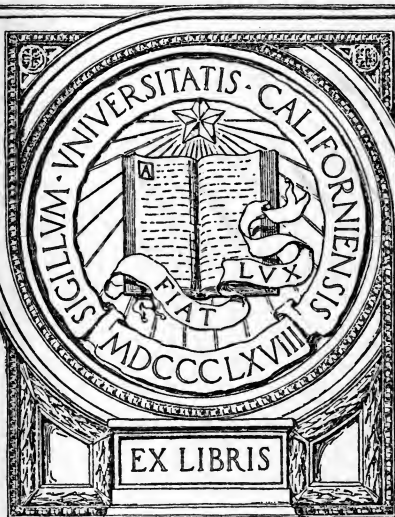


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FREEDOM
FROM
FOND FRIENDS

**WRITTEN BY THE FOUNTAIN PEN OF
FREEDOM HILL HENRY**

**PRINTED AND DRESSED AND PSYCHOLOGISED
BY THE FREEDOM HILL FOLKS**

**PRICE TWENTY FIVE CENTS
WHICH IS TOO MUCH IF YOU DONT READ IT
AND NOT ENOUGH IF YOU DO**

**FREEDOM HILL PRESERY
WHICH PRINTS BRAIN TICKLERS
RFD A BURBANK CALIFORNIA**

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To You, Comrade *University Librarian*

From the man who knows no better

Freedom Hill Henry

DEDICATION

To all suffering humans who are afflicted with fond friends, this booklet is sympathetically dedicated by the author, who is vainly trying to free himself and his victims.

416115

FREEDOM FROM FOND FRIENDS

I have read a story to the effect that Jesus once in his travels was received into the home of two sisters. One of these sisters seems to have made some degree of spiritual progress and had graduated from the slavery of pots and pans and brooms and washtubs; but Martha was still in the lower grade and, not understanding Mary, complained to Jesus that she was neglected her part of the housework, and even reproachfully asked Jesus to bid her go to work. Martha knew, or thought she knew, what Mary ought to do, and she seemed to think it was her business to see that she did it. And since her own advice or command would not be heeded by the lazy Mary, she thought she would go still further in behalf of her poor sister's welfare and bring in the command of Jesus to reinforce her own. So she said to Jesus:

“Don't you care that my sister leave all the work for me to do? I have had to scald and pick the chicken, dig and wash sweet potatoes, go to the garden and gather

tomatoes and slice them; and I had to dig the Burbank potatoes to bake; and this morning Mary didn't waken Lazarus in time to get in wood before he had to go to Zaccheus' to work, and I have just now come in from the field with a load; and I have yet to make French dressing for the salad; and, dear me! I have to get parsley for the soup, besides some spinach for greens; and the fire doesn't burn well to-day, and there is no telling when the spuds will get done. I do believe, Jesus, if it were not for me, you and Mary would starve to death. Heaven knows I am doing all I can to make you comfortable, while Mary, since grinding the corn and gathering some figs, has done nothing but sit there at your feet and listen to talk that nobody can understand. I don't know what will ever become of that girl. You bid her therefore, that she help me."

But the Lord answered and said unto her, "Martha, Martha, thou art anxious and troubled about many things."

Mary has gone to Heaven. But Martha is still living. I see her nearly every day. And I sometimes see her when I look into the looking-glass. The reprimand, "O ye of little faith," strikes many of us.

If you will pardon me, a sinner, for quoting so much scripture at you, I will feel relieved and will proceed with my story.

If we could get over this grinding, consuming anxiety about our friends, that is sapping our lives away—that makes this world at times a wilderness of woe, we would then—well, the change would be so great that I will not attempt to describe it.

The most of us think we get along pretty well with ourselves. We keep ourselves about straight. But we have much trouble and effort and worry about keeping others straight. We send money and religion to the poor naked heathen. We are so interested in the affairs of our neighbors. We are much concerned that our relatives should be a credit to us and shine and show off. And our dear friends must, if we can possibly bring it about, advance in every way according to our ideas of advancement. We are so conceited that we presume to know, not only what we need, but also what others need. George D. Herron said, "No man is wise enough to govern any other man." But we presume to know and we give advice and urge its acceptance; and the more we love our friends the more we annoy them with our advice. And the more we advise them and urge them to take our advice, the poorer chance they have of doing what they ought to do.

For people who have learned that it always pays to do right, I think the greatest help or condition for their growth is freedom.

If we voluntarily choose a course of conduct and follow it, we will gain culture whether the immediate result be pleasant or unpleasant. But if we blindly follow advice, we gain but little if any culture, however pleasant the immediate result may be.

Because we meet with suffering, does not mean we have made a mistake. We have to have experience in order to learn. We can not always avoid bumping our shins and stumping our toes in the race of life. And a fond friend who would prevent it would keep us in the cradle till we died.

If we could rest assured that our friends, all of them, including the meanest ones, were in the stream of evolution, moving onward toward the goal and sure to get there, we would have less trouble and worry concerning them. I have seen mothers suffer for fear their children would starve because they would not eat the amount and kind of food prepared for them and just when it was prepared. Every animal has enough sense to eat when in need. Hasn't a child as much sense as other animals? Is not Nature the mother of all and caring for all? May we not by our well intentioned advice hinder instead of help? Perhaps each one should think and act for himself, and it may not be our duty to think for and direct another. If we want to show people how wise we are, we should be silent. Whenever we open our advising mouth, we show our ignorant tongue.

Let me here make a distinction between advice and suggestion. It may be well to suggest to another a course of action. If the suggestion appeals to him he will accept it. If it does not appeal to him he should not accept it. After he hears our suggestion we should let him decide for himself without trying to persuade him. We leave him free to use his own judgment, which is quite different from his following our suggestion without knowing or feeling a reason for it.

Or we may give a friend information on a subject concerning which he has to make a decision. By getting more information he will be able to make a better decision.

It will be good for our peace and happiness if we learn to attend to our own business and let others attend to theirs. If we would relieve ourselves of the burden of keeping our friends in the straight and narrow way, according to our ideas, we could walk this earth with lighter tread.

We are not fit to give advice to another unless we could put ourselves in his place. Since we can not possess the nature of another, his knowledge and his ignorance, we can not put ourselves in his place, and so we had better let him make his own decisions.

Once upon a time a farmer lost his mule and could not find it. His neighbor told him the way to find a lost mule was to go where the mule was last seen, imagine him-

self a mule, and go where he felt like going, and he would go right to the mule. The plan was theoretically correct if not practical. A man might put himself in the physical place a mule was last seen. But it would be very difficult for you or me to put ourselves in the place of a mule mentally, morally, spiritually. It might not be so difficult for some people.

Since we do not know what seeds another has sown, we do not know what harvest he should reap, what experiences he needs. Let your friend marry that drunkard if she wants to. She needs all the experiences she will come up against. Is your friend sowing his wild oats? Let him sow. As he sows, so shall he reap, and his harvest will teach him valuable lessons—will teach him to sow tame oats instead of wild ones.

I once had a dear lady friend who would have married me if I had advised her to. I kept quiet and she married another man. Just think what the other man would have missed if I had put in my advice—to say nothing of the trouble I have missed!

In solving our arithmetic problems, we gain mental culture, whether we get the right answers or not. It is not our duty to get the right answer. It is our duty to try to get the right answer; and we are as much benefited in getting the wrong answer as the right one. The wise teacher encourages the pupils to try to solve the

problems themselves. If a school boy had all his problems solved for him, he would never learn arithmetic.

And so it is in life. If we are simply puppets, automatons, acting at the will of another, we can not grow. Our friend who advises us may grow because he thinks and originates and tries to carry out his plans on us. But we remain like a house built upon the sand. And when trials and temptations and difficulties come we are not able to stand.

Vivekananda says the world is a gymnasium. Our life activities, the ordinary ones as well as the extraordinary ones, are the exercises we take in this gymnasium to develop moral muscle and mental sinews. If we would gain strength in this great gymnasium we must use its apparatus. We must engage in the activities of life. If we move only at the advice of our friends, they will get the development and we will get left. Making decisions as to what to do and how to do it is an important exercise in this gymnasium. If we let our fond friends do that for us, our character muscles will wither away.

Let us roll up our sleeves and pitch in. We are sure to gain. We can't lose. We may not do as well as Bill Jones or Amanda Smith. But if we let them do for us, it will not do us any good. Be yourself whatever that self is. It is better to be a poor somebody than a good nobody.

If your friend comes to you and asks for advice, give it to him. When he grows wiser he will know better than to ask for advice. The scripture says, "He that asketh, receiveth." But most people receive advice before they ask for it, which is contrary to the scripture plan.

Let me quote some more scripture to you. I learned this so long ago that I have forgotten the book and chapter. But I think it was in the shorter catechism. Or maybe in Noah Webster's spelling book:

"And it came to pass that a certain good man went out to walk, taking with him his son and his donkey. And as they walked along they met a fond friend, who said unto the good man, 'Why do you not let the little boy ride on the donkey's back?' And the man, being good and desiring to please his fond friend, answered, 'So be it.' And he placed the lad on the donkey's back.

"Soon they met another friend who said unto the good man, 'My dear friend, why do you walk and let the boy ride? You are old and feeble and the lad could walk with pleasure. I advise you to exchange places with him. And the man, being good and fearing to displease his fond friend, answered, 'As thou sayest.'

"Again they met another fond friend, who was greatly surprised at the good man's conduct, and said, 'My dear friend, why do you, a big man, ride that little

donkey? Instead of compelling the donkey to carry you, you ought to carry him.' And the good man, wishing to please everybody but himself, answered and said, 'Thank you, good friend; it shall be as you say.' And so the man took the donkey on his shoulder and moved on. But the donkey was heavy and awkward to carry. As they crossed the river on the foot-log, the donkey kicked and squirmed, the lad attempted to help, but the good man lost his balance and all three fell into the river and were wetted.''

The medicine that cured your aunt Susan of rheumatism might not cure your niece, so don't insist on her taking it.

Your nose just fits your face, but it wouldn't fit mine.

Your religion is just the thing for you, but it is not best for everybody; so don't try to convert everybody to it. Most other people have religions that just suit them.

The book that did you so much good might not do me any good. We may be in different stages of our development.

The brickmason wants brick and mortar. The carpenter doesn't.

Four classes of people are especially mistreated by having their liberties and rights denied them: (1) patients in hospitals, (2) inmates of insane asylums, (3) inmates of jails, and (4) our dear loved ones.

Many a man is jailed in his own loving household. Many a woman is imprisoned in

the hearts of her friends. Many a baby is bound in swaddling clothes. Many a child tries to break out of his prison wall of don't's. Webster made a big mistake when he coined the word "don't." It ought to be taken out of the dictionary. It is a great hindrance to a child's normal development.

We are so afraid our friends and relatives will go wrong and bring discredit on us. They might injure the family reputation.

Reputations are like children's expensive clothing—too costly for growing people to have. Reputations, tailor-made and guaranteed to fit, prevent any expansion until the annual shedding time comes. Rich people can afford diamonds and dog parties and reputations; but poor folks should be content with moonstones, children's parties and characters. Characters are very good substitutes for reputations.

I used to have a good reputation back in Indiana. But when I came west I left it behind. It was too much trouble to move it around and pay freight on it. And if I should be so unfortunate as to acquire another gilt-edge reputation, I would lock it up in a bank vault for safe-keeping while I went out and had a good time doing just as I pleased.

Let us set our friends free and give them a chance to grow. Behold the lilies of the field! They have no human friends to ad-

wise them how to grow, nor to open their petals for them nor to fold their petals at night. Yet the bride in all her beauty is not arrayed like one of these. And again, behold the birds of the air! They go where and when they please, seeking no advice from wise heads. They have no fond friends to advise them when and where to build their nests, nor what brand of baby food to feed their young; and yet, the Heavenly Father careth for them. If He so clothe the grass of the field and care for the birds of the air, will He not much more care for your friends?

I do not mean that we should not associate with people, nor take an interest in them. But let us associate as comrades, as chums, as equals, and not as rulers and ruled, not as bosses and obedient, not as advisers and advisees. When we liberate our much-advised friends and associate with them as equals, then the association will be helpful to both parties.

I have a friend who thinks a great deal of me, and when we are together, which, luckily, is not often, talks constantly to me, trying to do me good. I told him once I didn't want him to do me good; that I preferred to remain mean. One day after he had talked to me for five hours, giving me the value of his experiences, introducing to me books and papers that he thought I needed to read and compelling me to walk with him a mile and a half on his way to

an appointment, said, "I haven't time to say anything more to you. If you have anything to say to me, say it quick." And I told him he had better hurry along so he wouldn't miss his appointment. But secretly I wished he would miss it as a punishment for his having punished me five hours with his benevolent tongue. I can appreciate Thoreau's statement, that if he knew a man was coming to him for the express purpose of doing him good, he would flee from him as from the smallpox.

Let me tell you a secret that you ought to know. Your fond friends are trying to enslave you. Occasionally one tries to compel you by physical force. Others try to argue you into their way. When you meet a stranger he is kind enough to let you do as you please. But if he becomes your friend, then he wants to boss you. He tries to missionize you into doing as he thinks you ought to do. Strangers are much kinder to you. They are willing for you to go to hell or anywhere else you please. And if you are allowed to go where you please, you will get where you ought to go.

It is safe, as Jesus said, to forgive your enemies, but look out for your friends. They will rob you of your liberty and initiative and make parrots or monkeys of you. It is better for us to remain donkeys with definite characters of our own than to become monkeys or parrots.

I knew a couple of friends who got along very nicely before they were married, because each one let the other do as he pleased. But after, one tried to make the other obedient, and the other didn't want to be obedient. It is not good to enslave nor to be enslaved.

If we want to help our friends, let us help them in the way they want to be helped. They know what they want and they need what they want, even if it is only to teach them that they don't need it.

The right step for any one to take is the next step from where he is. We don't know just where any one is, but ourselves, and therefore we are not capable advisers. Let your friend make his own decisions and plans. And if you like you may help him carry them out. But do not try to decide whether his plans are right or wrong. They are right for him. We can not judge right and wrong for another.

Abraham Lincoln gave freedom to four million negroes from their slave owners. Who will give us freedom from our fond friends? Who will sign the emancipation proclamation that will free twenty million white slaves from their advising, domineering friends?

Lincolns are scarce. So I suppose each of us will have to free himself; and then when we become wise enough we will give freedom to our own slaves. How shall we do it? When our fond friends try to dom-

inate us, let us remember that they mean well, poor ignorant souls! They remind me if a two-year-old child trying to help its mamma carry a heavy market basket. They do not realize that they hinder more than they help. It seems a pity to deprive them of the pleasure they get out of it. If we take their advice, they enjoy the delusion that they have done us much good. And even if we don't take it, we should not forget how pleasant it is for them to tell us later, "I told you so."

I am not surprised that so many people should hold up their hands and surrender to their fond friends and say, in actions, "I surrender. I haven't the backbone to withstand you. I become nothing before you. I will follow your advice as long as you are around, and after you are gone I will probably surrender to the next friend who levels his advice gun at me."

I would like to insert here an advertisement of some osteopath who could stiffen weak backbones.

It is so easy to take advise. It is the lazy man's relief. It relieves him of the necessity of thinking; and it is so hard to think. Nature, in order to compel us to think, punishes us severely for not thinking effectively. Every wild carnivorous animal has to wear its thinking cap night and day in order to capture its food and not be captured. Thus nature trains her children to be smart. In civilized life, it is

so easy to get a job where we will be told what and how to do and thus earn an easy living, quit effective thinking and cease to grow.

We sometimes follow our friend's advice because we don't want to hurt his feelings. But we, and not our friends, have to suffer the consequences of our actions. It is a law of nature that we have to suffer the consequences of advice that we take.

Do what you think is right and not what somebody else thinks is right. You degrade yourself and enslave yourself in obeying somebody else. Maintain your freedom. And don't enslave any one else. You injure yourself in holding any one in slavery, to mind you. Who are you that you should demand obedience of a human soul and thus retard his growth?

There is but one master, the higher self of each. Your master is within you. And your friend's master is within him. Don't put yourself in him to rule him; and don't let him put himself in you to rule you.

May the Lord give us enough courage to live our own lives and not give a darn what other folks think. A school boy was asked to define a philosopher, and he said, "A philosopher is a man that doesn't give a darn." When we become wiser and acquire more courage we will live our own lives, take our own advice and not give a darn what our friends and Mrs. Grundy says about it.

I have gone up one side and down the other of this question; I have walked all around it and looked at it from different viewpoints, and it seems to me that our worst enemies are not the ones who swear at us and tell us of our faults, but our worst enemies are our advising friends. Let us build an impenetrable wall about us that our friends' well-meant advice can not penetrate. Let us grease ourselves with advice-proof oil. Let us be ourselves and live our own lives, however imperfect our lives may be. All our mistakes will turn out for our good. Our misfortunes will be fortunate for us, and every event, good or bad, painful or pleasant, will help us forward in our progress toward the goal.

I suspect that most of our efforts to help our friends get along, and our efforts to help the Lord run this old world, are about as effective as the help given by a certain good man in the story of "The Water Wheel." This story I read in a Sunday school paper. You may ask, "Can any good come out of a Sunday school paper?" This story is an exception. It contained four per cent of the radium extract of mind-your-own-business, salted to taste, but heavily diluted. I boiled it down to one-third the original bulk, canned it up, and now after fifteen years I open the can and give you a taste. It is good medicine for those of us who haven't enough faith in the Lord's ability to run this world, and

who want to help along by giving advice and doing other things unnecessary and possibly injurious.

THE WATER WHEEL

Once upon a time there lived a man in an inland prairie town. He was good, sympathetic, loved everybody very much and himself a little. He had lived there from birth and had never seen a river, not even a brook. He said to himself one day, "I will travel to give me polish and education." So he took leave of his people and set forth.

And one day it came about that he saw before him a line of green willow trees whose branches hung low and dipped into a river. The traveler was much pleased, and as he approached the stream he saw a low, plain building from which came much noise and clatter. It was a mill, still running, but whose owner had recently been killed. Inside were large wheels and little wheels, cog wheels and fly wheels, shafts, belts and pulleys. There were bins and barrels and boxes, but they were all empty. And the grinding burs went round and round, night and day, but ground nothing.

The traveler had never before seen a mill, and he said, "I wonder why the wheels go round! I wonder what they are doing!" And being a shrewd man, he investigated and then said, "It takes all these wheels to turn that big stick in the

middle, and I see it goes out through the wall.”

He looked out at one of the windows and saw the river. He said, “This is water, bless me! My, what a lot of it! And it is all moving, too. This must be a river. I wonder what makes it move.” He saw the large wheel that hung in the water from the main shaft, and said, “Now I see what makes the water move. The wheels inside turn the big shaft and it turns the wheel in the water and that makes the water in the river go. Yes, I understand it all now. I never knew before that it took so many wheels to run a river.”

Having now satisfied himself with this new discovery of his travels, he turned to go, when a sudden idea came into his head as by inspiration. “What if this wonderful machinery should stop and the river cease flowing! What a terrible thing that would be, for I have heard that rivers are very useful to mankind.” Just then the machinery did slacken because a floating branch touched the water-wheel. But he saw not the branch. He exclaimed, “There! I do believe it is stopping now. How fortunate that I came! It was surely an act of Providence that I was sent here at this time to keep the machinery going that the river might not stop.” And immediately he seized the large belt and pulled vigorously. He continued to pull and the wheels continued to turn and the river continued

to flow.

It was hard work and he became very tired. But just before he was completely exhausted some of his friends entered the door. They, too, had decided to travel and had followed the footsteps of our hero. When the situation was explained to them and they understood how important it was to keep the wheels going that the river might not stop, they took hold in good will and by turns they pulled the belt, kept the wheels going and prevented the river from stopping.

The work was kept up and in the course of years it came time for our hero to die. As the end approached there stood about him all the friends who had helped him in his great enterprise of running the river and keeping up its flow. They praised his noble work and recited how well he had organized the workmen and how effectively his wisdom and goodness had kept the river flowing. His face was very grave, but his heart was full of joy because he had done his duty.

And as he lay there dying he heard the wheels clattering and the river murmuring, and he gazed about upon his people and said, "Dear friends, the time has come for me to go. I die in peace for my work is accomplished. The river runs and will continue to run as long as you are faithful to your duty. Farewell! My friends, farewell!"

Am I doing my part in pulling the belt, and giving advice and keeping the world going as I think it ought to go?

Are you?

Or have I learned to let the Lord run the rivers himself while I hold my mouth shut about my neighbor's faults, and keep my hands off his doings, and let him have the experiences he needs to teach him what he ought to know?

If I would keep my own face clean, and my own hair combed, and my own mind straight, and let my heathen neighbors alone, I suspect the Lord would have an easier time running the rest of the world.

What do you think?

ANNOUNCEMENT

As I can find time I shall print a series of booklets dealing with Life and Freedom and Happiness as I have experienced them. I am still living. Really.

These are already printed:

“Freedom Hill, the Place of Evergreen Happiness.” Tells how to be happy tho’ miserable.

“Freedom From Fond Friends.” How to vaccinate against them.

The others to be printed, one every month or so:

“Henry’s Glass Eye Story.” Gives my experience with doctors, healing friends and enjoying sickness.”

“My Conceit Machine.” Cures enlargement of self-esteem.

“Falling in Love Again and Again.” Contains the germ of love sickness and how not to cure it.

“The Divinity of the Devil.” Guaranteed to cure devilishness.

“Usefulness of Useless Husbands.” Cures grass widows’ sorrows.

“Christian Science Soothing Syrup.” Beats Mrs. Winslow’s soothing syrup.

“How to Take People Without Getting Hurt.” Better than Sloan’s liniment.

Price twenty-five cents a dose. And if you don’t find them good medicine for what ails you, send them back and I will return your cents, accompanied with a prayer that your eyes might be opened to see the beauty of ugliness, the goodness of meanness, the divinity of the devil.

FREEDOM HILL HENRY,
Burbank, Calif.





THE CHIEF CRANK OF FREEDOM HILL

By Guy Bogart

Utopia flourishes on Freedom Hill. Happiness has been found amid the eucalyptus groves and budding fruit trees planted and cared for by the hand of Dr. Leroy Henry. Spiritual heights and spiritual flights are the rule on Freedom Hill, situated in the foothills by easy stage trip from Los Angeles. He has gone far in the pathway of realization and his little ranch is one of the important focusing points of Southern California spiritual life.

Dr. Henry is an M. D., with a thorough understanding of massage, osteopathy, chiropractic, psycho-therapy and other lines of mauling, coaxing and wheedling the human form divine into claiming a little more of its divinity.

Each summer Dr. Henry holds a clinic at his ranch, extracts gloom and fear from you free of charge, injects a mixture of sunshine and optimism during the day, and sends you to bed to gaze up into the twinkling eyes of the night after the sun dips behind the mountain ranges. Not, however, until after all have spent a few hours around a blazing campfire.

When letters pour into the abiding place of the "Chief Crank" too fast, he just prints a little edition of "THE CRANK, an eccentric Freedom Hill magazine for unusual people."

During the mellowing years of usefulness

Dr. Henry has learned to live his philosophy; to extract his idealism from the clouds and make it over into a suit of overalls to wear down here on earth. And, best of all, being Hoosier, he possesses the gift of the fairy pen that can translate thought into literature as well as into action.

Speaking of writing—as the months have grown into years, there has also grown a pile of manuscripts that Dr. Henry reads occasionally in his conventions and to select groups who happen to be fortunate enough to gather at his feet occasionally. Some of these essays and sketches he is now issuing in a series of two-bit doses of enlightenment.

The first, "Freedom Hill, the Place of Evergreen Happiness," gives directions "how to be happy though miserable." I know that this is one of the finest and most wholesome bits of philosophy you will find anywhere. I know his life and his philosophy in general and anything bearing the Freedom Hill Henry imprint has my endorsement "sight unseen."

Others are: "Freedom From Fond Friends," tells how to vaccinate against them.

"Henry's Glass Eye Story," gives his experience with doctors, healing friends, and enjoying sickness.

"The Divinity of the Devil," guaranteed to cure devilishness. Will be ready June 1.

Among the booklets to follow as he can find time to print them are:

"Usefulness of Useless Husbands," which he claims will cure grass widows'

sorrows.

"My Conceit Machine." Cures enlargement of self-esteem.

"Falling in Love Again and Again," contains the germ of love sickness, and how not to cure it.

"Christian Science Soothing Syrup."

"A Crazy Crank," claims to be an honest confession.

I have heard Comrade Henry read several of these essays. They contain a blend of common sense, mysticism, stingless but effective humor and a good-natured constructive program of reconstruction.

Done into twenty-five cent doses and dispensed from the home laboratories, Route A, Burbank, Cal.

WHAT THE READERS SAY

These little books are the sort of missionaries I like to send out, since they have caused me to laugh until I've had to hunt a 'kerchief to get the tears off my glasses. And the joy is I shall have the laugh all over again when Mr. Shiek gets back and I can read them all to him.

HARRIET L. SHIEK.

of "Freedom Hill".

It is a humorous homiletical hummer. I shall keep my copy circulating.

D. EDSON SMITH.

Needless to state I've enjoyed reading, "Freedom Hill." It's O. K., a regular literary plum pudding and there ain't no mental indigestion in it, by ginger!

IDA DIANA EKBERG.

To every one who has come in the house I have read from it and we have had a hearty laugh. It is certainly refreshing. Not since Bruce Calvert's cheerful little magazine, "The Open Road," have I read anything so free and refreshing.

MARY BREMERTON DE WITT.

of "Glass Eye Story".

Have just received and read your "Glass Eye Story." It contains many good things and by its own odd vision helps us to see the things in this world that also are odd.

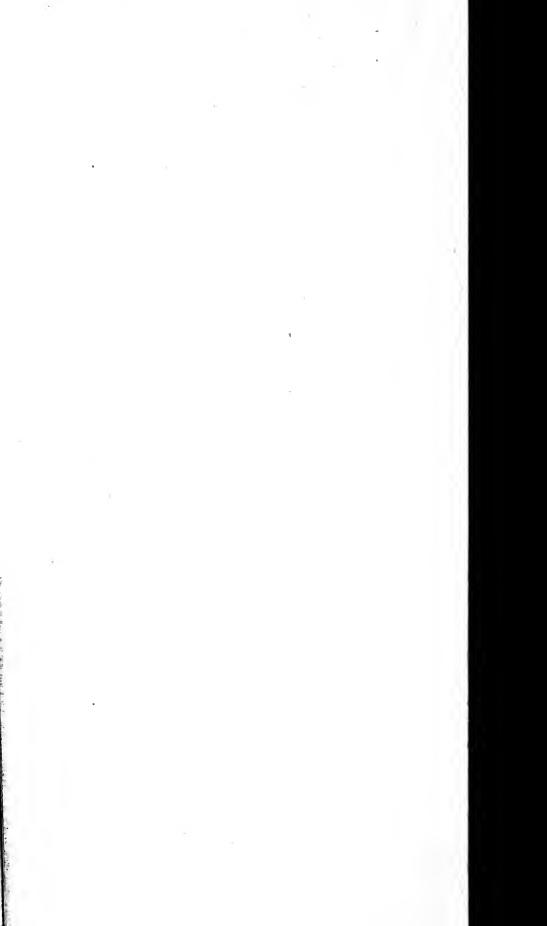
GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

Wife and I enjoyed it immensely. The allusion to the many kind and solicitous friends, who are so chuck full of information as to the best remedies, etc., struck our mutual "funny bone" because it is so true to nature, and we laughed until the tears rolled down our cheeks.

HIRAM A. GRAVES.

Your "Glass Eye Story" I can measure out praise to in unstinted terms. It is a masterpiece. Never have I read anywhere sweeter satire or wittier wisdom. It deserves to be a classic, and, if the race once gets hold of it, I do not think will ever be forgotten. This booklet is yourself from cover to cover, words, ideas, mannerisms, everything—utterly original and only you could have done it. It is born right out of your own experience, your own heart, your own brain.

J. WM. LLOYD.







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Handwritten: H. 16. 11. 15

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